

## Both Hands

Jay Brannan

I am walking  
out in the rain  
and I am listening to the low moan  
of the dial tone again  
and I am getting  
nowhere with you  
and I can't let it go  
and I can't get through...

And the old woman behind the pink curtains  
and the closed door  
on the first floor  
she's listening through the air shaft  
to see how long our swan song can last

And both hands  
please use both hands  
no don't close your eyes  
I am writing  
graffiti on your body  
I am drawing the story of  
how hard we tried